

MOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Cliff Edward 241

DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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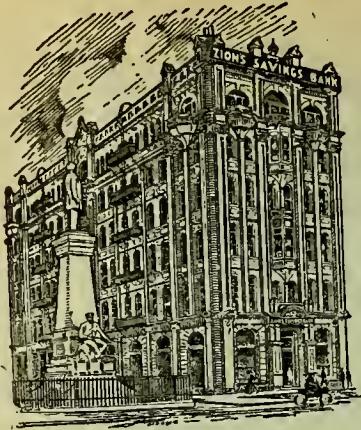
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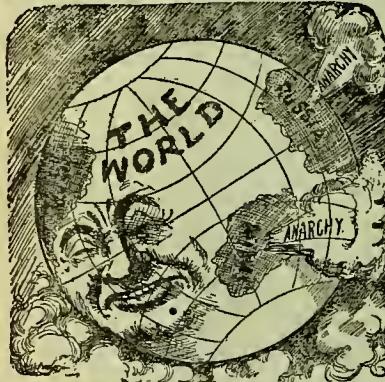
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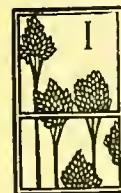
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No. 21

A VISIT TO THE TEMPLE IN THE LAND JERSHON.



T was on a bright and beautiful morning in April that I left Bogota with the intention of journeying three hundred miles for the purpose of visiting the ruins of an old stone temple away off in the mountain valley where we locate the land Jershon of the Book of Mormon.

We took the narrow gauge railroad which runs from Bogota northward to Cipiquira, a distance of about thirty-five miles. For the first fifteen miles the road skirts the eastern edge of the valley, with the rounded summits of the mountains rising abruptly for two or three thousand feet above you; then the road crosses an arm of the valley and skirts the edge of a low ridge that juts into the valley from the northwest, and we reach Cipiquira, where are located the famous salt mines. The ride consumed two hours, but otherwise was quite pleasant. The aspect of the country is very similar to what one would see in riding through Utah county from Payson to American Fork. There is the broad, level valley with its rich pastures, and here and there along the mountain slopes a village in which grow groves of tall willow trees, resembling the poplars so common with us. The grass and vegetation are exactly the same as in Utah county. Springs break out at the base of the mountains, and the little

streams are choked with cresses. The ponds in which the wild ducks sport are surrounded with the old familiar rushes and flags, and the same varieties of weeds that vex our farmers grow in the little gardens. Robins and blackbirds as large as magpies flit about just as their smaller brothers and sisters do in Utah. The mountain slopes are free from timber and almost free from brush. The lower slopes are grass grown, but the summits are cold and dreary and but little grass grows there. There are no poisonous insects in the valley, and but few flies or mosquitoes. The climate is delightful. It is the same all of the year round. The atmosphere is clear, bracing and healthful, and one of the most active, industrious races on earth ought to be developed there.

At Cipiquira we left the railroad, and with our Indian boy set out across the valley towards the northeast. On either side of our road we pass occasionally the familiar farm house of the country, about which are patches of cultivated ground; but the great plain is used almost altogether as a pasture for cattle and horses. I remember thinking as I looked back at the broad hill slopes about Cipiquira, what a paradise it would be for a Utah farmer. With modern machinery he could grow more wheat on one thousand acres than is now grown in the whole valley with its five thousand square miles of surface.

Ten miles from Cipiquira we passed Nimonicon, where both iron and coal are mined; then we crossed a ridge several hundred feet high and two miles or more over, and entered another arm of the valley. Timber is scarce in the valley and nearly all the fences are made of mud and covered with tile to protect them from the rain. The Colombians have a weakness for gateways. Every landowner has one or more of them at the entrance to his estates. They are erected after the model of the triumphal arches of the old Romans, and are sometimes very elaborate affairs, often putting to shame the house in which the *señor* lives.

We passed the night at a miserable posada or inn. The proprietor was a blacksmith. The night air was cold and raw, though the natives didn't appear to mind it; but I hovered about the forge and tried to extract a little warmth from the coals. The next morning we crossed a ridge and descended into a narrow canyon, through which the Bogota, here called the Funza, flows. An old road passed through the canyon, and by the roadside is a large stone, worn and frayed by time, on which



GREAT STONE AT TEMPLE SITE, LAND JERSHON.

we traced dim outlines of old hieroglyphics. After a while we came out into a narrow valley hemmed in by low mountains worn down by glacial action until

their slopes are as smooth and regular as if made so by hand. In this valley we noticed for the first time the presence of artificial terraces on the mountain slopes.



INDIAN GIRL, LAND JERSHON.

There are thousands of them, which gives evidence that this valley, where a hundred or so Indians now eke out a miserable existence, was once the home of a numerous industrious people. Their homes dotted the mountain slopes everywhere, and their fields covered every available acre. Today there is hardly an acre of cultivated land in the valley. What became of that old race?

Are they here—

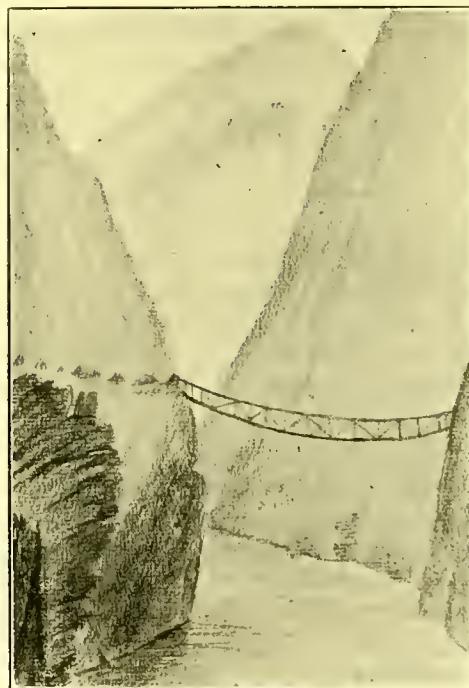
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the terraces
Which overlook the valley, answer.
A race that long has passed away
Made them; while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

The glittering Parthenon;
 All day this desert murmured with their toils,
 Till twilight blushed and lovers walked, and
 wooed
 In a forgotten language, and old tunes
 From instruments of unremembered form
 Gave the soft winds a voice. But all is gone,
 and
 The solitude of centuries untold
 Has settled where they dwelt.

In the afternoon we passed a paramo, where the wind blew bleak and cold. We were on the summits of the Andes, 11,500 feet above the sea. The peaks off on our right command a view of the Llanos of the Orinoco, those on our left the broad valley of the Magdalena. We could see neither, and had no suspicion that twenty miles on either side would take us to a point two miles nearer the earth's center than where we were, and where we should need fans to keep us cool, instead of a blanket about us to keep us warm. After a while a broad canyon opens on our right, which leads to the plains beyond. Again the slopes are terraced as far as we can see. In this region was the land Antionum of the Zoramites. In that event, the road by which we have come is probably the one traversed by Alma and his missionary party more than two thousand years ago. Our road skirts the dividing ridge of the mountains with canyon slopes on our right. The streams all flow to the east and reach the sea through the Orinoco. We passed the night at the bridge of the Boyaca, where the battle which determined the Colombian independence was fought nearly one hundred years ago. The next day we crossed another paramo and descended the slopes where the streams flow towards the Magdalena through the Sagamozo. In this valley was another numerous community in the olden time.

We now turned westward and crossed the mountain which divides the waters of the Sagamozo and the Suaza. Here we

found a region very different from anything we have seen elsewhere in South America. The mountain is rough and broken, and seems to have been the center of a frightful cataclysm some time in the past. The earth's surface has been broken up, folded over, and thrown about in the utmost confusion. Sometimes the stratas are set on end and sometimes torn apart, so that one can pass for long distances through the crevices made by the earthquake. In one place the mountain



ANCIENT BRIDGE.

is literally broken in two and the road now passes through the deep rent for two or three miles. At another point we descend for more than a thousand feet into a deep gorge, only to ascend again on the other side. The slopes are so steep and our foothold on the narrow, sloping path so insecure, that we grow dizzy and cling for safety to the little shrubs that grow on

the bare slopes, and wish many a time that we were safely down. The surface of the mountain is barren in the extreme, in striking contrast to the verdant valleys we have passed. The aspect of the country is more like that about St. George, Utah, than anything we can recall. We're told that the barrenness is due to internal heat, which in some places is intense enough to affect the climate.

On the mountain summit is a level field of about a hundred acres, at the edge of which near where the deeply worn road passes, we notice the outlines of a large building traceable by the ridge of stones that once were parts of the walls. No part of the walls are now intact above ground, but judging from the quantity of stone scattered about, the walls must have been fifteen or twenty feet high, and there is no doubt but that the building was formerly a resting place for travelers who crossed from the valleys of the east to those of the west.

Passing through the crevice mentioned above, we skirt the mountain side for a couple of miles, and descend into a beautiful little cove in which is located the town of Lieve. The stone columns which support the porch roof of the inn were originally a part of the old temple which we had come to see, yet no one could tell us anything of the ruins until we found the schoolmaster, who had heard of them; with his assistance we found a man who had visited the temple of Hell as it was called, and who would go out with us for twenty dollars Colombian money.

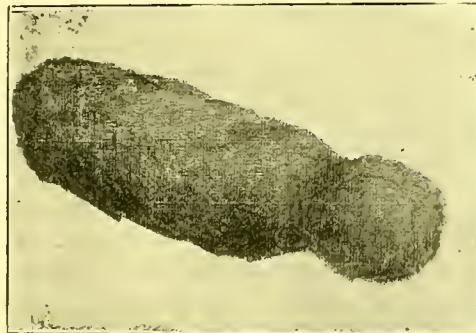
The present inhabitants of Colombia are utterly indifferent to the works of antiquity about them, and care nothing for them beyond finding the old tombs and robbing the dead of the few articles of value upon them. The secretary of state at Tunha was surprised when I called his attention to the terraces on the mountain slopes, and attributed them to a people of a form-

er time. He had seen them, he said, all of his life, but thought them of natural origin.

The ruins are two and a half miles from Lieve, in the direction of Suaza. The road over skirts a low flat hill, which seems to have been formed by an outpouring of lava from a crevice near the mountain base south of the town. Great boulders as large as a house cover the fields, and our path wound in and out among them for almost the entire distance. The temple was located near the Lieve creek, a mile or so above its junction with the Suaza. The ground there slopes gently from the creek towards the hills northward, and is now a wheat field. The building was rectangular in form, and was about seventy-five feet wide and ninety feet long. Stone columns fifteen feet long and fifteen inches in diameter, were set in rows about fifteen feet apart, so as to support the roof, which was undoubtedly of thatch. At the sides flat stones were set on edge between the columns. The general plan of the building was very similar to that of the temple at Tiahuanaco near lake Titicaca. The manner of its construction indicates that it was either the temporary makeshift of new settlers in the country, or the work of a people unfamiliar with the art of house building. But when one sees the finely hewn columns, the thought is forced upon him that the work was not done by beginners in the art of stone cutting. Again, all about the field are scattered large blocks of stone, usually about seventeen feet long, five and a half feet wide and three and a half feet thick, which bear evidence of having been transported a considerable distance. The presence of these stones would indicate that it was the purpose of the people to erect a more elaborate building than the one which we have described, but for some reason the work was never completed.

If this was the land Jershon of the Neph-

ites, which seems probable, then we have an explanation of the conditions which are seen here. Jershon was settled by the Lamanite converts of the sons of Mosiah. These people had been in their new home but a few years when the war broke out which necessitated their removal to a more secure locality, and they were taken to Melek on the mountain slopes west of Zarahemla. The long continued wars which followed make it doubtful if the Nephites ever again built up much of a community at Jershon. The homes of the people were built of bamboo cane and thatch, of which no trace now remains; but all about the



LARGE STONE WITH GROOVE.

fields are cartloads of broken pottery, stone grinders, etc., but no one could ever find any trace of flint, which left an impression in our mind that the edged tools of the old people were of metal, probably iron or copper, both of which abound in the mountains near by.

The stones from which the columns were hewn are of brown sandstone and are very hard and durable. They were not obtained on the site, but were brought from some point southward. We saw a similar block of stone lying in the road which ran along the mountain ridge thirty miles

southward; but it was pointed *south*, as if being taken to a temple in that direction. It is probable that the quarry was somewhere between the temple and this stone. It is difficult to tell now how the stones were transported, but as each stone has a nick or groove several inches deep cut around one end, where ropes could be attached, it would appear that they were dragged by main force. What an undertaking this was, can be understood when it is known that about three miles south of Lieve the road climbs to the summit of a steep hill more than a thousand feet high, along the ridge of which it runs for thirty miles or more, except where it descends to cross the deep gorge of the Candereria. There is little doubt that this road was the main highway of the old people between Zarahemla and the cities lying to the north and north-east. It certainly has been traveled for many generations, for all along its course it is worn down to a deep trough, sometimes ten feet deep and thirty feet or more wide. It was in this road that we saw the large stone mentioned above. Along this road also, where it crosses the divide between the valleys of the Suaza and the Bogota, are found great boulders dropped by the glaciers which formerly rested upon the mountain summits, which are covered with hieroglyphic writings of the old people. This vicinity was also the favorite burying ground for the people of the valley, and numerous tombs have been found and the occupants despoiled of all articles of value and then trodden under foot. There is no doubt but that the country is a rich field for the archaeologist, and future students of the Book of Mormon will find much there to aid them in their study of the Nephite people.

Joel Ricks.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN.

(BASED ON THE WRITINGS OF ELDER ORSON PRATT.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 621.)



N the preceding paragraphs, we have examined the doleful effects resulting from Adam's sin, when considered without any reference to the atonement; from which it will be perceived, first, that Adam's sin placed him and his descendants under the captivity and power of the devil, wherein all mankind became spiritually dead forever; having perished from that which is good, they became subject to the will of the devil, and thus became lost eternally. Secondly, that Adam's sin shut all mankind out from the presence of God, no more to return. Thirdly, that Adam's sin brought death into the world, even the death of the body, or in other words, an eternal separation of body and spirit, the body returning to dust to rise no more, and the spirit remaining in chains of darkness to be happy no more. These fearful consequences resulted from the fall. From these consequences man could not redeem himself; the chains of everlasting darkness encircled him about, and he could not rend them asunder, he had lost all power, and was in hopeless despair. But suddenly, a voice from on high penetrated the depths of eternal night, with which he was surrounded. It was the voice of mercy which broke harmoniously upon the ear; it was the voice of compassion which gently whispered peace to the despairing soul; it was the voice of hope—the voice of love—the voice of one bringing glad tidings of great joy—the voice of a compassionate Father, proclaiming Redemption through His Only Begotten Son. Despair fled away—Hope sprang up in the heart—Joy lighted up the countenance—and man by faith beheld himself redeemed through the death and sacrifice of the First Born; redeemed from

that endless spiritual death which was entailed by the fall; his body redeemed from an endless sleep in the grave; his spirit redeemed from an endless subjection to the power of the devil. He beheld, by faith, the body restored from the dust—the spirit restored to the body—mortality restored to immortality—and man restored to the presence of his Father. Thus we see that in Adam all die temporally, spiritually and eternally; and that in Christ all are made alive, temporally, spiritually and eternally, so far at least, as the original sin is concerned.

Christ is the life and light of the world. Without His atonement, no life nor light could have approached us; naught but eternal darkness and death and misery could have reigned. As all this misery came by the acts of one man, even so all the redemption, and light, and life, restored to the world, came by one Being who was as "a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." As the children of Adam had no agency in committing the original sin, even so they are redeemed unconditionally and universally from the effects of that sin, otherwise those effects would have never had an end. Redemption from the original sin was through Christ, that is, through free grace alone without works; no works were required of man in order that free grace might become effectual in his recovery from the effects of the sin of his first parents. None of the posterity of Adam, as a condition of redemption from that sin, are required to repent, or believe, or be baptized, or do anything else, all conditions on the part of man, are entirely excluded. The atonement alone, without works, has made all mankind in their infant state, alive in Christ; hence the wicked-

ness of baptizing little children, for they are already free from Adam's sin, because of Christ. Baptism was instituted as one of the conditions through which remission of our own personal sins, is granted, because of the atonement; but the atonement requires no baptism, nor any other condition, in order to remit the original sin, or redeem us therefrom. The original sin was forgiven soon after it was committed; Adam was the one who obtained forgiveness of the same; the descendants of Adam are affected by that sin, but are not guilty of committing it; therefore they need no forgiveness, no faith, no repentance, no baptism for the remission of that sin: hence it is a solemn mockery before God to baptize little children.

Man, having learned good and evil by the fall, and having an atonement provided by which he became in his infant state innocent before God, was placed in a condition in which he could act for himself, either to do good or evil, and a probation was given him. Now, the Lord did not see proper to redeem man from the effects of the fall immediately: therefore, the time preceding death became a probationary state, or a state of trial: laws were given to govern him, adapted to the nature and degree of his knowledge: he was commanded to do good and not evil: penalties were affixed to the laws given him. All mankind, as they grow up from infancy, to years of accountability, transgress these laws, and subject themselves to the penalty thereof, which is a second death. This second death will not be inflicted until all mankind are redeemed from the first death, and restored in their immortal state into the presence of their Judge, to be judged by the revealed law, according to their works, whether they be good or evil. Were it not that Christ suffered for the sins committed by the posterity of Adam, as well as for the original sin, no flesh that sins could be saved; for sin conceives in the hearts of all

as they grow up to know good and evil. Therefore, if the atonement reached no further than the original sin, every soul who sinned against the second law would die a second spiritual death: he would again be placed in a condition without hope; he would again perish from that which is good, and become miserable, both body and spirit, forever. It is true, his body would not return the second time to dust, but he would be banished the second time from the presence of his Judge, where both body and spirit would be miserable forever; where no ray of hope could ever break upon his mind. Such must have been the consequences, if the original sin was the only sin atoned for: under these circumstances, none but infants and those who died without knowledge enough to sin could be saved. All the rest would be irrecoverably lost.

But Christ died, not only to redeem mankind from the original sin, but to redeem them from the penalty of their own individual sins, not unconditionally, but conditionally. Though Christ has suffered both in body and spirit, the pains of all the human family, to atone for all their sins, yet this atonement cannot take effect upon them, unless they believe in Him, repent of their sins, and are immersed in water in the name of the Lord Jesus, for the remission of sins, and are confirmed by the laying on of the hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, and continue in faithfulness unto the end; on such the second death will have no power. But those who will not repent, and who reject the plan of salvation, must suffer the penalty of the law even according to the degree which God hath made. Such will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power. But as God will reward and punish all men according to their works, whether good or evil, there will be different degrees of happiness and glory, to answer

the ends of the atonement, and different degrees of punishment and misery, to answer the ends of justice. And thus the love and mercy and justice of God will be magnified before all the heavenly host and before all men.

Redemption from the original sin is universal and unconditional; redemption from our personal sins is conditional. The first is brought about by free grace alone without works. The second is brought about by free grace through works. The former is a universal salvation; the latter is a salvation of those only who receive the Gospel. Redemption from Adam's sin brings us back into the presence of God; redemption from our own sins retains us in the presence of God in a state of never-ending happiness. Those who reject a redemption from the second death, will be compelled to receive a redemption from the first death. As Christ was lifted up by wicked

men upon the cross, so shall wicked men be lifted up from the grave to stand before Him, to be judged for all their wicked deeds. As Christ was judged and rejected by sinners, so will sinners be judged and rejected by Him. Thus all things are planned in wisdom, in righteousness, and in holiness, for the redemption and happiness of man, and also for his damnation and misery; that mercy and justice may each have their claims, and God be perfect in all His attributes.

How great and wonderful are the works of the Almighty as displayed in the creation and government of man! What infinite wisdom is manifested in His redemption! How great the inducements held out to fallen man to reclaim and to restore him to happiness! How merciful, and yet how just is the great judge of all the earth, in meting out rewards and punishments according to the works of men!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW TO ATTAIN OLD AGE

SEVEN pithy precepts for the attainment of old age were given recently by General Booth, in explanation of his surprising activity and vigor at the age of seventy-eight. He said:

"Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

"Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

"Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labor; dig, walk, chop wood, or, if you can talk with your whole body, why, then talk; but do it with all your might.

"Have a system, but do not be a slave of the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a. m. and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take longer time.

"Do not fill your life with a lot of silly and sordid pleasures, so that when you come to die you will find you have not really lived.

"Abstain from indulgences which overtax the body, and injure not only yourself, but the generations that come after you.

"Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else, that is beneficent to those about you, and not to your own greedy self alone. If there is one thing for which I am glad it is that I have found a purpose which involves not me alone, but all humanity."

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kastler and Rebecca Morris.



FIRST SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1906.

1. Song—Select one of the Fall songs.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song. "Fruit Song."
5. Morning Talk

Thanksgiving day will soon be here and we all love to see it come again. At this time of year we need a thanksgiving day for we have so many, many things to thank our Heavenly Father for and our own dear parents. We have all the fruit that it took such a long time to grow, we have vegetables in our cellars and flour with which we can make bread. And everyone of you little children no doubt can tell us of some blessing you have to be thankful for. (Let the children tell of their gratitude for their food, clothes, homes, etc.) We have talked of so many little things that have been preparing for winter, some little animals have stored away food for the cold winter days just as we have seen our parents get fruit, vegetables and flour to last us during the winter. And when all are ready we feel glad and want to tell our kind Heavenly Father how grateful we are to Him. When we thank Him He too is very glad, and He tries to do more things for us all the time. No matter how little a thing we do for anyone it makes us very happy when they say "Thank you." So let us try and say "Thank you" for all the things we have, and every day we can do something to make someone else happy. I have such a pretty story to tell you of a mother and little girl who were always making each other happy.

6. Story.

THE POTATO BABY.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Elizabeth. She had blue eyes and golden curls and rosy cheeks. She lived in a tiny house with her dear mother and father and, though she was very little, she loved to help her mother when she worked. For as they were very poor, the mother had to work very hard. One day Elizabeth's mother was peeling some potatoes for supper and Elizabeth came and sat by her mother and wanted to help her. So her mother let her take the peelings when they came curling off and put them in the pail, and when the potato was all peeled Elizabeth would put it in a pan of cold water. By and by the potatoes were all peeled and the mother said, "We have not enough potatoes here, these will not do. I must go down into the cellar and get some more."

Elizabeth said, "O mother, let me go: I will take the little basket and go so carefully."

"Very well," said the mother, "only you must remember the steps, and the cellar is not very light, so you must be careful."

"I will go down one foot first and watch out," said Elizabeth.

So she took the little basket and started off. Her mother sat and waited. She thought, "Now Elizabeth has reached the foot of the stairs; now she has passed the little window; now she must be getting the potatoes." Then the mother waited and waited to hear Elizabeth coming back. But she could not hear her. Everything was very quiet. So the mother said, "Dear me, I wonder where Elizabeth can be?" So she went down the cellar stairs and looked about but couldn't see Eliza-

beth. Then she went on a little way and she heard some soft little singing, and she peeped over the pile of potatoes, and there sat Elizabeth with a big potato in her arms and she was singing, "Hum, hum—hush my baby, go to sleep."

"Why, Elizabeth!" said her mother.

"Hush," said Elizabeth, "this is a potato baby and I am putting it to sleep."

"Well, bring your baby up stairs," said her mother. "You can rock it in your little rocking chair."

So Elizabeth brought her baby up and rocked it gently and sang to it while mother got the supper. After supper when the work was all done, mother said, "Bring your baby here, Elizabeth, and I will fix it for you."

So Elizabeth brought the potato baby and mother made some eyes and a nose and a mouth on it, then she got some cloth and made it a petticoat. And then Elizabeth wanted a dress; so mother made a dress and put some cotton in the sleeves for arms. Then she made a little cap out of lace. And behold the potato baby was all dressed and looked like a real baby. Elizabeth was so happy. She rocked it and sang to it, and put its little bed by hers when she went to sleep. And in the morning when she woke up, the first thing that she saw was her potato dolly, looking at her with its round eyes as if it said, "Good morning."

(And this is the end of the story).

(Have a potato and little clothes all made. Pretend to make the clothes and dress the baby while telling the story, and draw the face).

7. Rest exercise.

Select one in which the children can exercise their limbs freely. The following finger play can be played there being plenty of room for activity.

COUNTING LESSON.

I have a little lesson in numbers every day,

If you like I'll tell you the kind I have to say.
I call them play.

There was one pretty pigeon,
And when it said "Coo,"
Another little pigeon close beside it flew.
Then there were two.

Two bonny ships were sailing,
As proudly as could be,
When "Ship Ahoy!" another sailed out upon
the sea.
Then there were three.

There was a pretty rose bush,
That grew beside my door,
Three roses bloomed upon it and when there
came one more.
Then there were four.

Four bumble bees were flying,
The busiest things alive,
Then Buzz-z-z another came hurrying from the
hive.
Then there were five.

These last were rather hard ones,
The roses and the bees,
But my mama says numbers get harder by degrees—Harder than these.

8. Bible Lesson—"The Ten Lepers" (Luke xvii: 11.)

When Christ lived here on the earth He was always so glad when people were thankful for what He did for them. He never wanted to be paid in money, He only wanted thanks. One day as He was going through a small town He saw ten men away on a hill side. They called to Him and said, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." That meant that they wanted Him to make them well, for they were very sick and could not go near anyone at all for fear that they would make other people sick also. When the Master heard them call for Him to help them He called back to them and told them to go and show themselves before the priests. And as they walked away they became well and clean from the sickness. One man was so glad he did not wait to go but turned and

thanked the Savior and praised Him for His blessings. Jesus asked the man where the other men were, but the man did not know. And then the Savior said to the gratified man, "Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." He meant that because the man had faith in God and then gratitude for what He did that he would always be well and strong.

9. Autumn song given last month.

10. Children's Period.

11. Closing Exercises.

SECOND SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1906.

1. Song—Autumn Song.

2. Hymn.

Father of all in heaven above,
We thank Thee for Thy love;

Our food, our homes,
And all we wear,
Tell of Thy loving care. Amen.

Before singing this beautiful hymn of thanks you can ask the children to mention some things that they all have to thank the Heavenly Father for.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song—Selected.

5. Morning Talk.

Arrange a morning talk suitable to the occasion in your own school leading up to the thought of gratitude and thanks.

Today we are going to learn such a nice Thanksgiving song. Some of you may know it, and if so you can help those who don't know it, for we all want to learn to sing it, for Thanksgiving day will soon be here.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Words by J. G. Whittier.

Lively.

1. O - ver the riv - er and thro' the woods, To Grandfather's house we go, The
 2. O - ver the riv - er and thro' the woods, To have a first rate play,
 horse knows the way to ear - ry the sleigh, Thro' the white and drifted snow,
 Hear the bells ring, Ting - a - ling, ting. Hurrah for thanksgiving day!

O - ver the riv - er and thro' the wood, Oh, how the wind does blow! It
 O - ver the riv - er and thro' the wood, Now Grandmother's cap, I spy! Hur-
 stings the trees and bites the nose, As o - ver the ground we go.
 rah for the fun! is the pud - ding done? Hur - rah for the pumpkin pie!

6. Bible Lesson.

Review "The Ten Lepers," emphasizing gratitude. You can all relate one or two other incidents of gratitude to the Lord for His blessings, such as "Noah's thanksgiving after leaving the ark," (Genesis viii); "Elijah and the widow," (I Kings, 17;) "Three Hebrews," "Christ healing the sick," etc., etc.

7. Rest Exercise—Selected.

8. Story

Tell the following Thanksgiving story as given in the JUVENILE previously with the thought of thanks emphasized: "Thanksgiving Story," for November, 1905.

After telling the story you can suggest that everyone help tell a story. You can tell the story of our bread, or the wood and lumber for houses, or our warm, woolen clothes, etc., etc. Trace step by step each process that is gone through in order that we may have food or clothes or be protected from the cold.

9. Children's Period.

10 Closing Exercise.

THIRD SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1906.

Thought for teacher: thanksgiving.

1. Song. Choose.

2. Hymn. Thanksgiving Hymn.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song—"Summer Flowers are Sleeping." Hill, 23.

5. Morning Talk.

Prepare your own talk leading up to Thanksgiving day.

6. Story.

The First Thanksgiving Day, page 662 JUVENILE, November 1, 1905.

7. Bible Story. Pharaoh's Dream. Gen. Ch. 41.

I wonder if anyone here ever had a dream? When do dreams come to us? (Let the children tell their impressions of dreams and their experiences).

Dreams are thoughts which come to us in our sleep, and sometimes the Lord sends dreams to us to warn us of something that is about to happen or to tell us of something which we should do.

A long, long time ago the Lord sent a

dream to a king who lived far away in Egypt; the land where Moses afterwards lived. This king's name was Pharaoh—we have heard that name before, haven't we?

Pharaoh dreamed that he was standing near a river and out of the river came seven big, fat cows to eat the grass in a meadow, but right after them came seven poor, half-starved cows which ate up the seven fat cows; still they seemed to be as thin and hungry as before. And again the king dreamed that he saw seven full, good ears of corn growing on one stalk, and after them grew seven thin, withered and blasted ears of corn which ate up the good ears, and then he awoke.

This dream troubled the king, so he sent for all the wise men or magicians, but no one could tell him what it meant.

Then the king's chief butler remembered that a young man named Joseph had once interpreted a dream for him, which had come true, so he told the king about it. The king sent for Joseph and asked him to interpret the dream, and Joseph answered that he could not explain the dream of himself but that the Lord would give the king an answer of peace.

After hearing the two parts of the dream Joseph said, "The dream of Pharaoh is one. The Lord has shown Pharaoh what He is about to do. The seven fat cows are seven years and the seven good ears are seven years of plenty; and the seven thin, hungry cows are seven years and the seven empty ears are seven years of famine.

The dream is one but was given twice because the Lord wanted it impressed on the king's mind.

There will be seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And after them shall come seven years of famine, when nothing will grow, and there will be no food for the people and the animals. So let Pharaoh choose a wise, good man, and place him over Egypt to

buy one-fifth of all the corn and food that is raised in the seven years of plenty, and store it away in the cities to sell to the people during the seven years of famine so they will not starve."

The king believed what Joseph told him and he chose Joseph to be the ruler over Egypt to buy and store up the grain and food. The king put his ring on Joseph's finger, had him dressed in fine clothes and placed a gold chain around his neck. So Joseph was next to the king in power and greatness. For seven years he laid up food, and when the seven years of famine came all the people in Egypt, and many from other lands, went to Joseph to buy food. After those seven awful years were passed and the Lord again caused things to grow, I wonder if they had a Thanksgiving day! Do you think they did?

8. Rest Exercise.

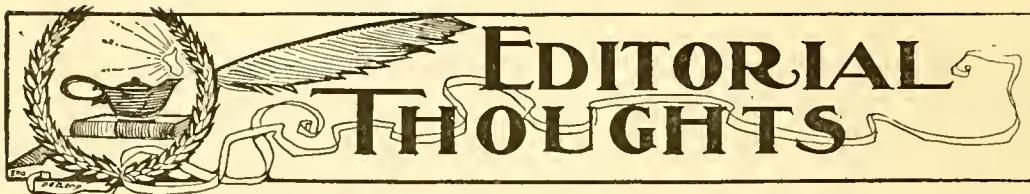
Go through some of the motions of gathering in the harvest, storing the vegetables in the cellar, apples in the bin, etc.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song. March out.

THANKSGIVING.

"The ripe, rosy apples are all gathered in;
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin;
The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a
size
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies,
And all the good times that the children hold
dear
Have come round again with the feast of the
year.
Now, what shall we do in our bright happy
homes!
And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day?
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can
do
Is this; to make thankful other hearts too;
For lives that are grateful, and sunny and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad.
For children who have all they want and to
spare,
Their good things with poor little children to
share.
For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day."



SALT LAKE CITY, - NOVEMBER 1, 1906

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George Reynolds, - - Asst. General Superintendent.

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THE RIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.



HE writer of the article referred to in the last number of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, complains because of the indifference on the part of some legislatures to the appeals of women in some states in behalf of children under twelve who are compelled to work in factories by parents who care nothing for the education of their children. The object of laws against child labor is praiseworthy, and their failure to pass is often ascribed to the political influence bought or otherwise obtained by corporations.

There is another phase of the opposition of such political bodies to the work of the women of this country in their effort to secure protection for children that should be in the school room. There are so many mothers' clubs made up of unmarried women and women who are childless—one must believe voluntarily in most instances—that it is regarded as a case of

interference by the childless with those who have some respect for the laws of nature. Theories are quite necessary; and laws should be made to protect the rights of childhood where they are disregarded, but there is a natural resentment against the childless by those whose experience in the practical responsibilities of parentage have given them at least some ideas which nothing but experience imparts.

The demand for equity is respected in all civilized lands, but there is an old legal axiom which says that he who enters a court of equity must come with clean hands. The wilfully childless home may send forth its advocates of the rights of childhood, but such advocates do not come with clean hands. Their plans are rather meddlesome than heartfelt. They do not have the ring of sincerity. A world in which children are yearly becoming more and more unwelcome is not likely to take an honest pride in what becomes of those that are already in it.

Enormous as is the crime of overworked and poorly fed children, it is very doubtful if all the factories in the United States which use child labor inflict any considerable amount of harm compared with the homes where indolence of children is encouraged; and yet the home of indolence is often pointed to as the model home. Extremes should be avoided. In one instance the law can remedy largely the evil, in the other there is nothing to reach and rescue the victims of indolence but reformed social conditions. There is a constantly widening gulf between the childless homes of our country and the homes where children are welcomed. In time it means a class distinction which will have a far-reaching influence on society.

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.



THE general semi-annual Sunday School conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints convened in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, October 7, 1906, at 7 p. m.

Called to order by General Superintendent President Joseph F. Smith.

Singing, under the direction of Elder George D. Pyper, "Beautiful Zion," by the vast congregation.

Prayer by President Francis M. Lyman.

Singing by the congregation, "The Lord is my Light."

General Secretary George D. Pyper called the roll of stakes and missions; all of the stakes being represented but two; also several missions.

Elder Pyper also said, in presenting the authorities, it is proposed that we sustain the general officers of the Sunday School Union as sustained at the meeting of the general semi-annual conference yesterday. Carried unanimously.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I presume that most of the Sunday School workers observed that Brother David O. McKay of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles was yesterday sustained, and consequently has been sustained by your present vote, as the Second Assistant General Superintendent of the Sunday School Union. Brother McKay will now address us on the topic of Parents' Classes.

APOSTLE DAVID O. MCKAY.

My brethren and sisters, it is indeed gratifying to see so many present and to realize all, or nearly all, who are here are working in the interest of the children of Zion. Nearly all who are present, I have no doubt, are teachers, men and women

who have taken upon themselves the responsibility to build character in the youth, members of the Church of Christ. an awful responsibility when we look at it and begin to contemplate what it means, and I pray that the Lord may be with us that the few words that may be presented may be understood; that such ideas may be brought forth as will be not only encouraging but helpful to those who have assembled.

In visiting throughout the different stakes of Zion we find that there is an increasing interest in the subject of parents' classes. The parents' department of the Sabbath School is taking the attention of superintendents, teachers and members of the school alike. But there is also some difficulty in regard to how to organize them. There is some difficulty among some in knowing what they are, and more difficulty in knowing how to conduct the classes after they are organized. For a few moments then, I ask your indulgence upon these three topics, in brief: first, what the object of the parents' department is; second, the organization of that department; and third, how to conduct the class recitation.

The object of the parents' department of the Sabbath School is two fold: first, to improve the home; and, second, to improve the Sabbath School. It is the object of the parents' class to aid in the improvement of the home by suggesting better surroundings, it may be an unnecessary thing in many cases, and yet I am constrained to think that there is no home so good, there is no home so beautiful in its surroundings, but can be improved by some suggestion or by some thought that is called up even by the owner of that home.

I remember listening to a paper in a parents' class on the subject of Environ-

ment. The topic of that paper was the influence of pictures in the home; and I cannot help but recall the influence that paper made upon me as I sat and listened to the reader as she developed her point and also by the discussion that followed, and while there was always a passive feeling that pictures had an influence on the boys and girls in the household, I never before that time realized as I did then the extent of that influence. Nor was I the only person present on that occasion who went away determined to look out for the choicest pictures of the best artists named by that sister, realizing as we did, the direct influence on the child. I remember hearing a discussion that took place, during the application of one of the themes, on the importance of keeping the surroundings of our houses clean. We have heard that idea advanced; we have heard it in different places, and yet I do not know when these parents ever had it brought so forcibly to them as they had that day in that parents' class. When I got home and saw my back yard again, with a new light, I felt that I ought to take up the rake and make an improvement in the home. It had that effect that I immediately recognized a condition and the importance of the improvement of it. It is the duty of the parents' class to improve the home surroundings, to suggest ways of doing it, to suggest better influences in the home, regarding books, regarding pictures, regarding cleanliness of furniture, books and what-not in the home.

Second—It is the object of the parents' class to aid parents in the instruction of the children. There are many ways in which this is done, and many more in which it may be done. I will just refer to a little instance of a sister who had attended, I believe, four parents' classes, the only thing, I will say, that that sister ever did in Sunday School work. I don't know that she has been to half a dozen

Sunday Schools in her life, and what is more, her husband objects, or did object, to her going to Sabbath School. But she became interested in this parents' class, attended, took part in the discussion, and, what was ten times better, she took part in the preparation of the lesson and topics under discussion. At the close of the fourth parents' class she said, "I wish my boys were young again; I believe I could teach them in a better way." If the parents' class department will do nothing else but inspire parents with a higher ideal in the instruction of their children, it has a place in the Sabbath School. It will do it in many ways. That came from that sister's heart, and oh, how she trembled when she was discussing the lesson that had been assigned her the week before; but she succeeded in presenting it to her fellow-workers. She felt thankful for it. She had new ideas in regard to the relation of the Gospel to the home, and she felt thankful—she does today, that she had come to respect these principles to help in bringing up her younger children who still remain with her.

Third—It is the object of the parents' department to introduce the Gospel in the home. Now that, probably, is a broad statement, but I think I will not qualify it, but I will explain what I mean. It is the object of the parents' department to bring such conditions around the parents that the children may see in those parents a desire to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. If we go into any ordinary home in this Church, so far as that is concerned, we shall find that nearly all the time of the father is taken up in business pursuits or following some profession. He is at it first thing in the morning, preparing to leave his home. He is away following it all the hours of the forenoon, and probably all day. He returns to his home; if he has a meeting he will attend to that, and if not, prob-

ably tired and weary after his day's work, he reads his paper for a short time and retires to his bed. Morning prayers are said; evening prayers, no doubt, but at the same time not much Gospel is introduced into that home. Now we believe all of us need education, that we should seek wisdom out of good books, that the children need to be taught, that we feel, and you feel, that we need that Gospel taught in more places than in our auxiliary organizations, or in the organizations of the priesthood. There is one place, the sacred place in our lives, where that Gospel should be taught and spoken about in its purity and its importance. A little boy, the other day, was asked, "Does your papa attend Elders' meetings now?" "Oh, no, my papa don't go to Elders' meetings any more." That was all that was said (or heard, at least,) of the conversation. But I thought what impressions has that father's neglect in attending Elders' meeting made upon that child's soul. He feels this, if nothing else, that that quorum meeting is not of much importance; that other things are of greater worth to his father than that priesthood meeting.

Again, when boys or girls ask the father or the mother regarding some lesson, (if perchance the children be interested enough to do so,) they do not know what an impression is made upon those children's minds if they find the father and mother have not thought enough of the subject to attach sufficient importance to it to answer that question regarding it. Think how much more confidence is established between father and child, if when the question is asked, the father can say, "Yes, my boy, I can tell you about Samuel, I can tell you about Jesus in the temple." If he have it clearly in mind to teach the child the importance of that lesson, this is what we mean by introducing the Gospel in the home. We do not mean

by that that it is going to interfere with any of the work that the fathers or mothers are now carrying on, but it is going to give an importance in the home to Sabbath School lessons.

Regarding the organization, it is best, probably, to refer you to the private circular sent out some time ago. Suffice it to say, that the parents' class should be held each Sabbath morning in the Sabbath School sessions. They meet in regular session, participating in the opening exercises of the school, occupying their respective positions with the other departments in the school room. Furthermore, it is suggested that there be enough instructors, probably three—supervisors they are called—to keep up the interest, to plan the lessons and make the necessary assignments from Sunday to Sunday. It is the duty of the head supervisor to judiciously conduct all discussions in the class; it is his duty to keep up the interest. But it is not his duty to do all the talking from Sunday to Sunday. A report came from one parents' class sometime ago, in the form of a question like this: "Our supervisor is killing our class, he is doing all the talking; what shall we do?" Well, the answer was, "Stop his talking." Now just how that could be done, of course, would have to devolve upon the superintendent of the school. But he is a very injudicious supervisor who will trespass upon the time of the parents. He should realize that the more work they do, the more thoughts they express, the greater will be their interest and usefulness in that department.

And now to the question of conducting the parents' class. The General Board suggests that the parents' class—there may be more than one in a department, we hope so, at least, and it will grow to that condition—that the parents' class be divided into two parts, the first part of that recitation to consist, wherever it is

practicable, and possible so to do, in the consideration of the children's lessons for the coming Sunday; and that the second part consist in the reading of a paper, or the giving of a short talk on the topic assigned one week before, and this followed by a general discussion on how to apply the principles in the home. The first part of this will consume, probably fifteen to twenty minutes, the second from forty to forty-five minutes. Now the question is asked, how can this be done? how can the parents' classes consider all the lessons that are given out in the various departments of the school? In this way: Let the supervisor divide the seating capacity into as many departments as there are in the school, with the primary, say, in this place, the kindergarten, here, the first intermediate, there, second intermediate, and so on. Let these half dozen seats be named the kindergarten seats, the primary seats, the first intermediate seats, and so on. Then those parents having children in the primary grade will take their seats at that designated place, and so throughout the departments. Then the brother or sister previously appointed to look up the primary lesson will name, or what will be better, will give a few interesting points in connection with that primary lesson. These parents, then, may have not only the lesson that their primary boy is going to consider on the following Sunday, but they will have also some interesting points given him about that lesson. "O, but," says one, "I have children in all of the departments, then what can be done?" There is one boy in that home of yours who this week needs more of your help than another. There is one girl among your family that has been more discouraged in her Sunday School lesson than another. That is the boy, that is the girl who needs your help this coming week. If that boy is in the first intermediate department, your seat in the parents' class on the following

Sunday is in the first intermediate department of the parents' class. There you will hear what lesson your child is going to have on the following Sunday. There you will hear some interesting points regarding it; and then, sometime during the week, make an opportunity to suggest something about it in an interesting way. No, this is not theoretical, it is practical. It can be done, it has been done, and the results have been marvelous. One parent, who was not a Sunday School goer—she has not been connected with the Sunday School—took part in this discussion, and one day prepared a lesson in her department, and promised, after she had given it to the fellow members of her class, that she would present it to her boy sometime during the coming week. One week after she was asked to report just how she did it, when she did it, and what success she met with. She said, "I presented the lesson to him just as it was given to me one week ago; the opportunity came when the little boy was helping me wipe the dishes. I talked to him about it, he seemed interested in it, and the following Sunday his teacher told me that he took a more active part in the recitation than he had ever done before." She was converted to it and made this remark, "I think I shall join the parents' class in our ward."

I could quote several other instances where parents visited the parents' class and have gone home and taken an opportunity to present a lesson, for they can do it when they are working along with the boys, they can do it when they are sitting down just before prayers at night, they can do it in the morning; one hundred and one opportunities come, if they have the desire, if they have something in mind to give. That is the point. We know what class our boys belong to; we don't know what is the lesson. I don't know it; I can't tell what lesson will be given in the kindergarten to my little boy next Sunday; can

you tell now? Why, if I had been in the parents' department considering that lesson, I could tell. It would have taken no time of mine, and just ten minutes suggestion would have given me that knowledge. It is not expected in giving these, that fathers or mothers will presume to tell how that lesson is to be given on the following Sunday; the teacher will decide that. But they are to suggest something about the lesson to attract the boy and be able to give him something interesting regarding the lesson, —the lesson of Joseph, or the lesson of Samuel, or the like, it may be of the rise of the Church in these modern times, of the exodus from Nauvoo, of the establishment of the Saints in these valleys, of the building of the Temple, or any other interesting point regarding Church history, regarding the principles connected with it, that will arouse an interest in the child's soul, and, what is better, what is of more importance, make the child feel that you think that the Church is of such importance, that you think that the Gospel is above everything, that the mind should be opened as it is upon the treasure we are seeking day by day. There is nothing that should take the place of the Gospel, that is, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all else shall be added." Furthermore, the child is interested in his lesson when he knows that his papa knows something about it. I will tell you that children imitate their fathers, and it is in this confidence, then, that the second object of the parents' class is brought about, an aid in the preparation of Sunday School lessons. We need not say anything about punctuality and encouragement in attendance, and all that we need is to get our children to know the Gospel and to have parents know, for if they fail, they are not going to teach their children. That will have a greater impetus than anything else I know of to lead them to a consideration of the Gospel in the home.

The second part is a consideration of general principles. It may be on "Environment," it may be on "Habit," it may be on "Home," it may be "On the Organization of the Priesthood," on any topic that the General Board may suggest, or that you can suggest, that you may think wise; and a member of the class will rise and give his thoughts on that subject, read his paper, developing some beautiful truth in it, or he may give a five minutes' talk on it, developing the same point, and after you have heard it, if you feel evidences of its truth, then the question is, how may that be applied in the home, is it introduced into my home today, if not, can I, or by what means may I introduce it in my home? That becomes the most interesting part of the parents' recitation. Each one has a different thought, each one has a new idea. Every time it is pressed, the desire to beautify the home is intensified. It is only a week ago I heard a discussion on "Neatness;" the application turned to neatness. I think the paper was read on the subject of Habit, and the question was raised immediately. A member got up and said, "My daughter has formed such and such a habit," and told how the child would come into the home and leave her coat here and her hat there, a paper or a book in another place; and then she went on and told how she went to work to bring the child out of that habit, to break it. It was one of the most practical lessons on habit that I ever heard in the world, and the mother is not a professed teacher; she trembled when she was asked sometime before to give the paper in the class. But she is a teacher; she has had the experience; she has raised a family, and is now raising it, and her knowledge and her experience were worth everything to some of us younger ones.

I do not feel that I should take up the time. The lessons, the plan of lessons, will be extended so that any supervisor can handle

the recitation, and all will be so simple that all parents can take part in them. Just when these lessons will be concluded, I cannot say tonight, but they are in the hands of the committee and the General Board, and will be rushed through with as much speed as possible, so that you may get them. The word will be sent to you. Twelve lessons, the first general lessons, will be published. These will be followed by others, and then you will be kept in material, and the Parents' Classes will have enough to consider.

I am not sure that I have touched upon the points that some of the superintendents have talked about; but in general you will find the most difficulty in how to conduct your class, and you will follow the two divisions, and go at it with a spirit, go at it with a desire, and help your children to improve your homes. With this idea in your minds, with the kingdom of God foremost and always there, and with the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of prayer, the spirit of study, the spirit of faith will surely be introduced into all the homes. That is the keynote, that is the aim.

May God help us, all Sunday School workers, that we may possess the Sunday School spirit, the spirit of love for the little ones, love for each other, love for the organization, love for the Church, love for Him in whom we live and move and have our being. I ask this blessing in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The congregation then sang (page 176 of the Sunday School book) "The Songs of Zion."

PRESIDENT SMITH.

We will now be favored with short talks on the Relationship of the Stake Presidency to the Sunday Schools, and the Influence of Sunday Schools on Stake Work.

ELDER STEPHEN L. CHIPMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE STAKE OF ZION.

My beloved brethren and sisters, we have

in our stake of Zion fifteen Sabbath Schools organized; and the Presidency of the stake look upon those schools with a great deal of attention. We feel that we should be in close touch with the stake organization of the Sunday School, and know something regarding every Sunday School in our stake. As to the Presidency of the stake, we meet every week. We have home missionaries who make their monthly visits, and we expect them to visit the Sunday Schools throughout the stake. We furnish each pair of missionaries with a blank report, asking them certain questions concerning the condition of the Sabbath School that they visit. We have a book into which we copy our reports after they have been carefully gone over, and we compare the reports received from every pair of missionaries who visit these schools to find out their condition. There are certain blank lines left for remarks and suggestions, and where we find one pair of missionaries making suggestions regarding a certain school, we note with interest the report of the missionaries the next month, what they have to say in regard to that condition; and if it is serious, we at once report it to the stake superintendency of Sunday Schools. As to the presidency, we also visit the school to find out later if that error or that condition has been remedied. I have in my pocket a blank report with the questions that we expect the home missionaries to report on, and the report is something like this:

Blank date, Presidency of the Alpine Stake of Zion.

Dear Brethren: According to appointment, we visited the ward Sunday School, (date). Sunday School commenced at..... M. Number of officers and teachers enrolled,; number present,; number of pupils enrolled,; punctuality of teachers.; punctuality of pupils,; de-

portment, system and interest, and then a few lines left for suggestions and remarks, with the following questions:—Is the organization complete? Are the officers and teachers united? This report we expect from the missionaries every time they go around, and they are recorded in a book, and by that means we keep in touch with the work that is going on in the Sunday Schools of the various wards in our stake; and we feel that we are to the Sunday School work what the Bishop should be to his ward, a watcher over the people. We feel that as for the influence of the Sunday School upon the stake work that we do not see how we could get along without it. We watch carefully the growth and development of our boys and girls in the Sunday School, and having work for them, they are selected from time to time to occupy positions in the stake where they are needed.

I was very pleased to know that which was said by Brother McKay in regard to the parents' classes, and we feel that this will help us wonderfully in our stake work. We have in the Alpine stake of Zion eight parents' classes organized in the fifteen schools in the stake, and they are doing an excellent work. We visit every Sunday School in the stake, and therefore we know the work that is being accomplished in these parents' classes. The principles of the Gospel are being presented and treated by the different members of the class until it is not an uncommon thing to hear our brethren and sisters express themselves, as Brother McKay has said, that they thanked God for the organization of parents' classes in the Sunday School. It will give the parents more interest; it will give them more help and encouragement. I want to say for myself that I thank God for the organization of the Sunday Schools and for the kind Sunday School teachers that we have. I received much of my early training in the

Sabbath School, and it has been of great benefit to me, and was especially so in my early life. I did not have the training in the principles of the Gospel that some of the young men and young ladies have today. I was not so cared for and trained that I was even blessed when I was a baby, although born of Mormon parentage, and was not baptized until I was fourteen years of age, and it was through attending the Sunday School that I sought baptism at the hands of my brethren.

I thank the Lord for this work, for this help in Zion, for the Sabbath School, as well as the other organizations that have been instituted for the training of the young men and young ladies of Zion. I thank God for the Sunday School Union Board, for I believe they are alive in the work, preparing the lessons, getting out the guides, and arranging things so well for us. I thank God for this organization, and I thank God for the other organizations in the Church, and for the Gospel which has been established, and I pray that that testimony that has been given to me of the worth of these organizations, of the worth of the Gospel to me and to the Latter-day Saints, may grow in my heart that I may continue in the faith, and that I may be blessed abundantly with the Spirit of the Lord, that I may be able to carry off every responsibility and requirement of the Gospel, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH R. SHEPHERD, PRESIDENT
OF THE BEAR LAKE STAKE OF ZION.

I have been interested, my brethren and sisters, in the remarks that have been made by the previous speaker upon the subject that has been assigned to us. I believe, with my brother, that the relationship should be a very close one between the Stake Presidency and the Sunday School organization. Not but what I believe that every organization that has been

established as an auxiliary organization in the Church is as important in its sphere as the Sunday School; yet by reason of the great number that is included within the Sunday School organization, there is a correspondingly greater interest because of this large number. When we consider that, on an average, within this great organization one-third or more of the total population of the stakes is enrolled, then we can realize the importance of a very close relationship existing between the Stake Presidency and the Sunday Schools; for if this one-third of the population of a stake are performing their duty, a very great responsibility is taken from the shoulders of the Stake Presidency. As you are aware, the Stake Presidency is responsible to the Presidency of the Church for the conduct of the members of the stake as a whole; they are responsible for the proper government of the Church within the stake; they are responsible for the teachings that are given within the stake. And inasmuch as this organization of the Sunday School includes that part of the population of the Latter-day Saints whose minds are plastic and very impressionable, how very important it is that this organization shall be as perfect as it can be in its teachings, and how careful the officers of the Sunday School should be that the principles of the Gospel are being taught in their purity to these young minds. It is my opinion that, as a rule, changes are not made very often in the minds of people after they have arrived at the age of from twenty five to thirty years. Therefore how necessary it is that the Stake Presidency should see that this organization has within itself the spirit of the Gospel.

My brethren and sisters, there is a subject in connection with this that I would like to touch upon briefly, and it is this, that we should not forget that the underlying principle that should be taught is, faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and rev-

erence and love for the organizations which God has established; and if this is properly attended to we shall not hear reports, as I have heard sometimes, that we are able to get the young men to labor as teachers and officers in the Sunday School, we are able to get them to act as class teachers in the young men's associations, but it is difficult to get them to engage as deacons, teachers and priests. After all said and done, the Sunday School is an auxiliary organization. It is an organization that has been established for the purpose of assisting the priesthood in teaching correct principles and the establishing faith in the minds of the young. And if in all of the work that is being done, we fail to convert the young men to the necessity of attending to their sacrament meetings, their meetings as deacons and as teachers, I fear that we have failed, and that we have not accomplished that for which this organization was intended; therefore I say, that inasmuch as the Stake Presidency is interested in the whole stake and interested in the establishment of faith in the Gospel and devotion to the work of God in all its branches, therefore it is necessary that they see to it that this spirit prevails in the Sunday Schools, where the young minds are being formed, where the foundations of the future lives of our bishops, our high councilors, and our other officers are laid.

We are interested in our stake in the Sunday School. We have a fine organization, and it has often been stated that there seems to be less difficulty in getting our people to labor in the Sunday School than in any other organization; and I believe that our Sunday Schools are doing as well as they are in other stakes. But we have found that this spirit exists, to a certain extent, that their whole energy seems to lie simply in working in the Sunday Schools. And while we are proud of the Sunday School and while we realize that

they are one of the most important organizations that we have to assist us in the work of the Lord, yet we feel that we want to impress upon the minds of the Sunday School superintendents and the teachers the importance of inspiring the young people within that organization with the necessity of attending to their duties as Latter-day Saints, not only as teachers and officers in the Sunday School, but with their duties generally as members of the ward and of the Church. And if this is generally done what a great help it will be to the work of the priesthood within that

stake, and what a help and a strength that will be to the Church as a whole.

My brethren and sisters, let us try and get imbued with the broad spirit of the work. Let us understand that it is our duty to work for the bringing about of the purposes of Almighty God, and for the fitting and preparing ourselves to minister in the priesthood, which is above all; and that the Lord will bless us to this end, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen,

Singing by the congregation, "My Sabbath Home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW PLANTS TRAVEL.

RAMBLING over the Downs in late summer or autumn you may often see the short, smooth turf veiled with a soft, moving mist. It is the down loosened from the ripened heads of the little dwarf plume thistle floating about in the breeze. So it sails along, hither and thither, until it finds a resting place where it may grow and reproduce its kind. Sitting in this garden, again, which here slopes down to the willow-fringed river, the south wind wafts towards you the soft, white down of the willow's ripened seeds. Thus making the wind their traveling car, many plants travel round the globe. The seeds of the locust tree have been carried from Africa to Italy.

On April 24, 1897, a thunderstorm passed over the latter country. Mingled with the rain there came the sand of the African desert and the seeds of the locust tree. The familiar dandelion is one of the greatest wind travelers. Each seed, surmounted by a little delicate parachute, is admirably adapted for an aerial voyage. Crossing rivers, seas and mountain ranges, it has traversed the wide world. With the adroit Peary it has entered the Arc-

tic regions, and with the sailor it has crossed the line, appearing in both northern and southern hemispheres. The Rose of Jericho utilizes the wind in a peculiar way in seeking "fresh woods and pastures new" for its offspring. It is an annual, growing in dry, sandy places, and as its seeds ripen the leaves wither, and the branches dry up and curl inward. A ball is thus formed, inside of which are the seedpods. This is soon loosened from the sandy soil and becomes the plaything of the wind. In the deserts of Syria and Egypt many of these balls may be seen drifting about. When the rain comes they uncoil and the seeds may germinate. The "Wind Witch" of the Russian steppes is a plant which travels in a similar way. This is a sort of thistle, which after flowering, curls up into a ball. Then the stem rots off, and the plant starts off on the wings of the wind. There they go, careering over the plains, outstripping the swiftest horseman. Now they rise suddenly into the air, hopping and dancing along in erratic and fantastic courses. Sometimes two hook onto each other and go spinning off together. A dozen more join them, and the mass rolls

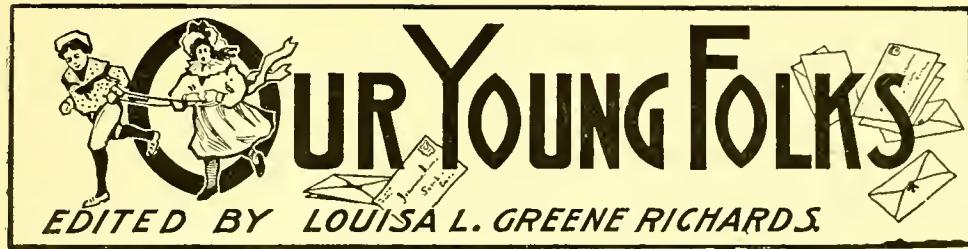
lightly along before the brisk east wind
Some day, at the gentle invitation of the
rain, they will uncoil and the seeds grow.

As you wander by the clumps of furze and broom in August and September a little, sharp crack! crack! resounds on every side. It is the bursting open of the seedpods and the scattering of the seeds. Each pod, in fact, is a little gun, and the seeds are the bullets. The contraction of the pods by drying is the firing of the gun. The outside of each division of the pod contracts and tends to curl outward. In time this force overcomes that which keeps the divisions of the pod together, and they spring apart. The seeds are thus shot out. In some plants there are special provisions for getting the seed into a suitable place. The mangrove is one of the most interesting of these. It grows in salt water swamps and shallow sea water, and the young plants require to be rooted in the mud. If the seeds simply fell and floated on the water they might be carried out to sea and perish. To meet this difficulty the seed begins to grow while still on the tree. It sends out its embryo roots in the form of a thick, solid spike, eight or ten inches long, and pointing vertically downward. When the seed falls its weight carries it to the bottom of the shallow water, and the spike is driven firmly into the mud. The young plant has set itself and has simply to go on growing. Two interesting examples occur in the British flora. The pretty little ivy leaved toadflax, which grows on old walls, wants to lodge its seeds in the hollows and cavities of the mortar. But it must needs keep its flowers on the outside, to bask in the sunshine and spread a banquet for the bee. So, as soon as the flowers give place to seeds, the flower stalks turn right back and carry the seedpods inside, so that they may shed their seeds into the wall.

The mangrove is not the only plant in

which the problem of dispersal is solved by the seeds beginning to grow on the parent tree. In East Africa there is a tree known as the Nyika, the seeds of which germinate on the parent plant. Here it is the seed leaves which grow first instead of the root. These form a sort of parachute, by means of which the young plants are wafted through the air to suitable spots. Some plants prefer to do their traveling by sea. If they are good sailors, that is, if they can float and stand long immersion in salt water, this is a very effective way of reaching the ends of the earth. Thus the seeds of a West Indian plant have been picked up in the Hebrides, having traveled there on the Gulf Stream. They have even been picked up on the bleak shores of Spitzbergen. In these cases the locality has proved unfavorable, but they show how far plants may travel in this way. Cocoanut palms fringe the shores in tropical regions. Blown from the trees the cocoanuts float about in the waters. And when, through the labors of the coral polype, or the exertions of the submarine volcano, a new island rises in the ocean, then, sooner or later, one of these ocean waifs lands on its shores. It takes root and grows, is joined by others and presently the new land has its fringe of palm trees. The great double cocoanut, the Coco-de-Mer, was known as an ocean traveler long before the discovery of its native land among the Seychelles. Stranded on bleaker northern lands, these travelers from the tropics have not lost their powers of germinating. The "sea-bean," a waif from the West Indies, often cast on British shores by the Gulf Stream, has been raised in Kew Gardens from seeds picked up on the Azores. Linnaeus, the Swedish botanist, again, knew of cases where plants had been reared from seeds of tropical plants cast ashore on his own northern land.

London Standard.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XLII.

The King shall soon in clouds descend,
With all the heavenly hosts above;
The dead shall rise and hail their friends,
And always dwell with those they love.

P. P. Pratt.

A Baby's Funeral at Sea—Carl makes a Bold Confession.—He and Nannie are Made Very Happy.

NANNIE stifled the sobs which welled up from her heart, and reaching out her arms, said bravely, in a whisper, "Put the dear little lamb here on my lap, Carl, and bring Dr. Highland quickly. It may be that he can do something to restore life."

"That is right, Nannie," said Carl, and he hastened to carry out her suggestion.

It seemed strange that the mother of little Jesse could be so utterly tired out that when she had fallen asleep she slept so soundly that all the stir and whispering about her should not awaken her, but it was so.

Dr. Highland came and made a quick but thorough examination of the little body, and found that it had actually been lifeless for some time.

When told the circumstances connected with the child's illness, so far as Carl and Nannie understood them, the doctor said that the long continued strain of grief from the loss of the father, had received such sudden reaction with the joy of finding that father again, as the baby thought, that the shock had snapped the tiny thread of life which remained, and caused almost instant death.

"There is one great comfort in it," the good doctor continued. "The little boy's death has been a very happy one."

And the child's face showed this to be true; the joyous smile of perfect satisfaction which had come to it when Carl first took him in his arms, still lighted it as with a supernatural halo, which all could see.

"Let the mother sleep on as long as she can," the doctor said. "She will need all the strength she can gain from the rest she is taking."

But in a little while, Bessie discovered that something unusual was going on, and soon found out what it was. Then she ran to her mother with a wild cry of grief and alarm.

"Oh mama, mama! Oh Jesse, Jesse! Bring Jesse to mama quick, quick!" the little girl cried out excitedly.

Mrs. Hesse awoke suddenly, and with a low cry clasped her little daughter in her arms.

"What is it, darling?" she asked.

"It's Jesse, mama, Jesse—Jesse is dead! The lady has him, tell her to give him to you!"

Mrs. Mathews had the lifeless form of baby Jesse in charge, and with reverential sympathy she carefully removed it from her own to the mother's lap. Mrs. Hesse silently watched her dead baby, weeping quietly for a few moments. With both herself and Bessie, grief was, in a great measure, turned to astonishment when the bright, happy face of little Jesse was first seen.

"See, mama," cried Bessie, "See Jesse laugh, as he used to in his sleep!"

Nothing that could be said or done to comfort and help the bereaved mother and little sister was omitted; everyone was anxious to do something to assist.

The doctor and Mr. Mathews consulted with the captain of the ship, to learn if by some means the child's body might not be preserved and taken to land for burial. But there was a law which prevented this being done, and no way to escape the sad rite of putting the little lifeless body into the great, wide, deep ocean.

The thought of such a burial was very hard for the mother, but Teddy and Maud helped to lighten this portion of her burden by some sweetly appropriate singing, which Maud accompanied with the guitar. They first sang an infant's funeral song, entitled,

FATHER WANTS THE BABY.

Father wants the darling baby,
In his home above;
Angels bright are sent to bear him
In their arms of love.

CHORUS:

Hush—breathe softly! Hush—and gently
Let the darling go!
Father wants his sweet, glad presence—
Shall we murmur? No!

Father's loving face is beaming,
Baby knows his smile;
As he knew it ere they parted
For a little while.

We shall miss our baby darling,
More than tongue can tell;
And our hearts are crushed—but Father
Doeth all things well.

Dr. Highland had found a young minister of the gospel on the ship, and he became interested in baby Jesse's funeral, and was willing to offer prayer and preach a short sermon. He prayed tenderly for the bereaved mother and little sister, in a way that was very comforting. Then he

opened a book and read a portion of scripture where the Lord has said:

"And it shall come to pass that those that die in me, shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them."

The young man called attention to the happy, smiling face of little Jesse, and said it showed that there had been no pain or bitterness in his death.

Again he read,

"Listen to the words of Christ, your Redeemer, your Lord and your God. Behold, I came into the world not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance: the whole need no physician, but they that are sick; therefore little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin; wherefore the curse of Adam is taken from them in me, that it hath no power over them. * * * Little children need no repentance. * * * Little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world. * * * Behold, the bands of death shall be broken, and the Son reigneth, and hath power over the dead; therefore, He bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead. * * * And little children also have eternal life. * * * And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

The missionary explained these passages of scripture, and told how the mother of little Jesse would surely have him again in the heavenly home which the Savior would have prepared for them. It was perfectly reasonable to think that the little one's own father had been permitted to come and conduct the spirit of his child to its new home; and the joy which shone on the little face was real, was from the reality of actually meeting his departed father.

When the missionary closed his remarks, Teddy and Maud sang,

A DIRGE.

Sound the tender notes again,
Which have calmed the spirits oft,

Of earth's toil and care-worn men—
Breathe the accents low and soft.

Sing, and from all pain beguiled,
Let the weary sleeper rest,
Like a tired little child,
Lulled upon its mother's breast.

Though the ocean's briny wave,
Or earth's mold death's shelter give,
Jesus died the world to save,
All shall rise again, and live.

Tell how from the stony cave,
Jesus, resurrected, 'rose;
Sing His vict'ry o'er the grave—
Leave the dead in safe repose.

Dr. Highland and Mrs. Mathews each held one of Mrs. Hesse's hands, while the sailors who were appointed for the work, gently dropped the little dead body into the ocean.

It was over, and everyone tried for the rest of the voyage, to think of some way of cheering the sorrowful mother and sister of little Jesse.

A few days before they reached England, Mr. Mathews found Carl early in the morning, alone on deck.

"You haven't seemed quite like yourself lately, Carl," he remarked. "Does it make you gloomy to think of reaching your native land?"

"It isn't that which I think most about, or that makes me more serious than usual," replied Carl. "I have thought to tell you how I feel, and may as well do it now. I did a very foolish, wrong thing, when, through the persuasion of you all, I consented to take this trip with you. I should have gone home to my own business and left you folks to yours."

"Why that would have spoiled the whole thing, Carl! None of us would have had any sort of a good time without you," said Mr. Mathews. "Will you tell me what it is that makes you feel that way?"

"Yes, sir, *I must* tell you. That's where the trouble lies," Carl answered. "If I

was where I could get away from it, I would try to save you the worry and pain which now I cannot avoid bringing upon you. But as it is, I must stay with it, and I don't know what we shall have to do about it. The plain truth is, Mr. Mathews, I am in *love* with your daughter Nannie. In the first of our acquaintance I regarded her as a sweet, lovely, innocent child, the sweetest and loveliest I had ever met. But of late I have come to realize that she is my very ideal of perfect womanhood, and as such I love her most ardently. I could bear it, and live it down some way, hard as it might be for me, but for the fact that I have discovered it must hurt Nannie too, for she is also in love with me. Now, Mr. Mathews, you need have no fear that we will ever do as Ted and Maud did. We never will. But I see no way out of our troubles."

"Troubles!" said Mr. Mathews, in a tone of surprise. "Do you call it trouble, Carl, to be rapturously in love with one of the best girls in the world, and to have her return that love?"

"Under the present circumstances, I call it a calamity," said Carl. "How could I bear to cause you and your wife such pain and sorrow as Ted did?"

"There, there! Carl, don't compare yourself with Ted," said Mr. Mathews. "I like him better than I did, and am growing to feel all right towards him. But with you, it is entirely different. I have known all along that you and Nannie were in love with each other, and so has her mother. And we should regard it as a calamity now, if anything should occur to prevent your marrying soon."

"Mr. Mathews!" exclaimed Carl, fairly choking with joy, "I never can thank you enough. I thought you would feel the same toward me that you did toward Teddy. But we learn lessons as we live, don't we? May I tell Nannie today and let her share the happiness you have given me?"

"Tell her? Yes!" said Mr. Mathews, "as soon as possible, and be as happy as ever you can."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MY MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

Given with the hope that it may be a help to others as it has been to me.

I HAVE in time past wondered if I could say, "I know Joseph Smith was a true prophet." Did he see our Father in heaven and His Son Jesus? Did Joseph have an interview with our Savior? and was he His servant Joseph to establish the true Gospel? This I firmly believed, but how could I know it? for I had never had the manifestations that I heard my dear mother and many others tell of having. So, I thought, "Maybe I shall have a testimony if I pray for it." But when I attempted it, I really felt that I was asking my Heavenly Father for something I already had, for I never doubted the truth of the Gospel. Truth and reason revealed the light to my understanding, and now I am positive that Joseph Smith was all that he claimed to be, and I accept all his inspired teachings.

My parents received the Gospel in the year 1848. My father had never joined or shown any interest in any denomination, but when he heard a Mormon Elder explain the Gospel he very readily received it. My mother had been raised in the Church of England, her mother being of that faith. Her father paid no attention to religion, even on his death bed the minister could not persuade him to acknowledge Christ, so according to their teachings there was no salvation for him, which caused mother to feel very bad, for he was a kind father and she dearly loved him. Just previous to an Elder calling at our home my mother dreamed that she saw her father and asked him if Jesus Christ

had saved his soul, and with a smile he said, "Not yet; but He will." Mother awoke with joy, feeling sure that in some way her dear father would be saved. The Elder who called explained the broad plan of salvation being taught to those in the spirit world who never learned it in the flesh, showing how ordinances could be received for them by the living. Mother understood, then, the meaning of her dream and felt sure that the Lord was in it all. So both she and father, with my two elder brothers and two sisters were soon baptized. I had just turned six and my youngest brother was a baby. My father's health had been poor for many years, and he had been blind for five years, when they joined the Church.

There were many responsibilities on mother to look after their hotel business, as well as her family. In preparation to emigrate in the spring of 1853, they sent money to Liverpool headquarters. This was to pay our passage across the ocean, also to buy four yoke of oxen, two wagons and two cows, ready for us to use in crossing the plains. We were just about to sell our household goods, when the revelation on polygamy was made known to the Saints in our branch. I do not know just how my father felt concerning it, for he died before I was old enough for him to talk with me about it. My mother, who lived to be eighty-two years old, often told me about the first experience which proved to her the truth of the Gospel that she had received.

Now, she was astonished and much perplexed about polygamy. She prayed earnestly that the Lord would give her a knowledge of her duty that she might not leave so much that was dear to her, for the Gospel's sake, unless it would bring salvation. For it was her greatest desire to raise her children in the ways of the Lord, and not in sin. With this anxiety and a prayerful heart, she one night fell

asleep. She dreamed of the sun setting most beautifully in the west, and as she was looking, she saw the face (as she was given to understand) of our Savior Jesus Christ. Then she saw a covered wagon between her and the west. She awoke with the conviction that she must go to the west with the covered wagon if she desired to be with the Savior. Her mind was at rest and they cheerfully went on with their preparations, and in a few weeks they were on their way to Utah. Our dear father was sick all the way across the plains, and died one week before we entered Salt Lake valley, which was in October, 1853. Mother was left a widow with her seven children, the youngest two years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. In all future trials she maintained her integrity and thanked the Lord for the blessings of the Gospel, with the rest, the great privilege of doing a vicarious work for her dead.

Now I am thankful for the strong conviction that I have of the true Gospel of Jesus Christ, being revealed to the boy Joseph Smith, who became the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of this the last dispensation. I feel justified in saying I know it is true, just as surely as I know that my mother was my own mother. I would be just as unreasonable if I should doubt one as the other.

I know that I have been backward in testifying to the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission and the truthfulness of the Gospel that was revealed to him. I hope the Lord will help us all to do better, for as we live we can improve, and I know if we do our best the Lord will help us.

E. O. Decker.



MISS PANSY'S PARTY.

Miss Pansy gave a party
For all the early flowers,
The dance floor was the mossy green
Of one of Flora's howers;

She wore a yellow bonnet,
And a lovely purple gown,
With a dash of black upon it,
And a tint of golden brown.

The music was perfection—
The Blue-bells led the band,
While the Pansies nodded gaily
To the flowers on every hand;
The Daffodil and Jonquil,
And Miss Primrose by the wall,
Each bowed a stately welcome
To each other at the ball.

The Butter-cups sat smiling
At the Daisies, sweet and fair,
The Lilies of the Valley
Seemed without a sign of care;
And the Violets lent sweet fragrance
To the air 'til dawn of day,
When the breezes murmured gently—
"Morn is breaking, haste away!"

Then there came a gentle tinkle
From the Hyacinth's sweet bell,
And a murmur from the Crocuses
Fainter far than tongue can tell,
As she shook her dainty flounces
And smoothed them out so straight,
She must be at home by sunrise—
She had never yet been late.

The Honeysuckle whispered
A tale of love so true,
To Forget-me-not so pretty
In her gown of softest blue;
And the Tulips, red and yellow,
Hung their heads with modest start,
As they heard a tale of sadness,
Told by Mistress Bleeding-heart.

The musicians ceased their music,
And the morning breezes blew
Every candle out at day-break,
And no one but Robin knew—
How the flowers, now so sleepy,
Gained their dainty little beds,
And why the Pansies nodded,
While the Daisies bowed their heads.

Annie Malin.



LETTER-BOX.

Papa a Contractor.

BOVINA, TEXAS.

We like the JUVENILE and the letters.
I am learning to read the letters and I

thought I would write one. My papa is a contractor. For more than a year he took charge of the reservoir in New Mexico that the government built, but it is finished now. It is to store the water of the Hondo river, which will water thousands of acres of dry land. Papa now has a contract to build fifteen miles of railroad for the Santa Fe. Our home is in Utah, but we go with papa where his work is.

Last year we went on a visit to Old Mexico. I saw many Mexicans, and their flat, dirt-roofed houses. I went to school three months there. Mama helps me study; there is no school here. I shall be eight years old on the 4th of December. I like the story in the JUVENILE about Carl so well that we named our baby brother Carl.

FRANKLIN HARRIS.



A Good School Record.—Charade Answered.

ORDERVILLE, UTAH.

My father is Bishop of this ward, and has been for nearly twenty-two years. My mama has had twelve children—three are dead. One of my brothers has been on a mission, another is going soon. I have been to school five years, am in the fifth grade, and have neither been late nor absent yet.

I have guessed Myrtle Oliver's charade in the JUVENILE for October 1st. It is "Children."

CORA ESPLIN.



Great Grandma Still Living.—Knew the Prophet Joseph.—Answer to Charade.

ORDERVILLE, UTAH.

My mama's grandma is living yet. She is ninety-one years old, and is still quite spry. Her name is Lucy Allen, her father's name was Isaac Morley. She has about one dozen great-great-grandchildren.

She talks much of the Prophet Joseph, whom she knew intimately for many years, often doing service in his home when Sister Emma had illness. Grandma knows he was a man of God.

I have guessed Jesse Oliver's charade in the JUVENILE for October 1st. It is "Tabernacle."

ELLA ESPLIN.



Taught to Read by Mama.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I love to read the letters in the Letter-Box. I have never been to school until this fall, but mama taught me how to read. I read seven books through last winter. I know all my letters in print or writing. We had ten pure white bunnies at one time. We have a pair of pigeons. I love to go to school and Sunday School, and to fast meeting and see the babies get blessed. I am six years old.

LILLIAN M. JACOBSEN.



Two Cousins Tell of the Same Venerable Grandma.

[This letter came after Ella's had been handed into the Letter-Box.]

ORDERVILLE, UTAH.

My papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I like it very much. I have been interested in the charades and have been able to answer some of them. My grandmother lives with us. Her name is Lucy Deantha Morley Allen. She will be 91 years old the 4th of October. She was baptized November 15, 1830, by Parley P. Pratt, in Kirtland, Ohio. She is, we think, the oldest Church member that is known to be living. She has been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for seventy-six years. She has seen the Prophet Joseph Smith. He lived with my grandmother for six months. She

became well acquainted with him. She has good health for such an 'old lady.'

HATTIE ESPLIN,
Age 14 years.

[You failed to send the answer to your charade, Hattie, and it will not be published.—ED.]

Glad When the Elders Come.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I have enjoyed the Letter-Box. We came here for mama's health. Every time the Elders administer to her she gets better. We are glad whenever the Elders come to see us. We go to Sunday School and take two cars to get there. For two months we lived right by the Pacific Ocean. Sometimes we went in the water, which we enjoyed very much. I shall be glad to get back to Salt Lake City when mama gets well. The other day I picked lemons and figs. The oranges are green now. I am 7 years old, and have two brothers.

VERL PORTER.

The Sweetest Baby.

COLONIA DUBLAN, CHIH., MEX.

I am too little to write alone, so papa has to guide my hand. I have uncles, aunts and cousins at Santaquin, Provo and Junction in Utah, Raymond in Canada, and Mesa in Arizona, and I want to tell them that mama has the sweetest and cutest baby girl in the world. She is a week old, and can laugh as well as cry. Her name will be Iris.

We have lovely Sunday School and Primary, and many other lovely things beside the baby. The Lord is good to us. I wish all my friends would write to me.

LEOTA LE BARON.
6 years old.

Going to Learn to Read and Write.

SUMMIT, UTAH.

Mama has gone to Parowan to attend conference today. I went yesterday, so I am staying with my auntie today. Threne, my little four-year-old sister, died last July. She was sick only one day. I am very lonely without her. I had a baby brother born in the morning and she died at night. I have three brothers but no other sister.

I am going to school this year and hope to soon learn to write and read.

VIRGIE WHITE,
Aged 6 years.
(Per auntie.)

Enigma.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

I take pleasure in the Letter-Box, and send an enigma. The names to be guessed are the names of two United States presidents, and are spelled with the first and final letters of the words which answer the suggestions given.

- 1, a sack.
- 2, a machine for applying steam to drive machinery, vessels or railway trains.
- 3, a word of denial or refusal.
- 4, a vessel of earthenware or glassware in various shapes and dimensions.
- 5, in the midst of something.
- 6, not excess of any kind, medium.
- 7, a face to face talk.
- 8, a Canadian peninsula.
- 9, destitute of house or habitation.
- 10, an exclamation.
- 11, a title of respect given to a Jewish doctor or expounder of the law.
- 12, to destroy.
- 13, that which does not look good, ugly.
- 14, a religious or righteous person.
- 15, a river in South America.
- 16, midday.

OSCAR BOYER.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POEMS.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT.

Choose the right when a choice is placed before you,
In the right the Holy Spirit guides,
And its light is forever shining o'er you,
When in the right your heart confides.

CHORUS.

Choose the right,
Choose the right,
Let wisdom mark the way before,
In its light,
Choose the right,
And God will bless you evermore.

Choose the right, let no spirit of digression
Overcome you in the evil hour,
There's the right and the wrong to every question,
Be safe through inspiration's power.

Choose the right; there is peace in righteous doing;
Choose the right, there's safety for the soul;
Choose the right in all labors you're pursuing;
Let God and heaven be your goal.

Joseph L. Townsend.

ACROSTIC.

TO THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

T hrice welcome INSTRUCTOR, I hail thee with glee,
H ow lucid thy pages are always to me;
E ach number is teeming with subjects so bright,

J ust brimful of topics that give me delight;
U nselfish, undaunted, disdaining the foe,
V aliantly teaching the way we should go;
E ver and anon, proclaiming with might,
N il desperandum, to do what is right;
I ntegrity, mingled with music and song,
L ovingly leading our children along;
E ver defending the truth 'gainst the wrong;

I nstructions unceasing are flowing with care,
N ever found falt'ring, nor faint with despair;
S incere, and sacred I fully embrace
T hose kind editorials of knowledge and grace,
R esplendent so often with wisdom and love,
U nder the guidance of Him from above;

C ontented from henceforth, I'll cherish thy name,
T hrough many long years I'll extol thy fame.
O Lord, in Thy mercy, protect us, I pray;
R emember Thy people, by night and by day.

H. E. Llewelyn.



GOD IS LOVE.

God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Selected.



FAITH.

Not when the way lies smooth before my feet,
Not under tender skies and favoring breeze
To trust my Guide with confidence complete.
But when the clouds hang low, and sullen seas

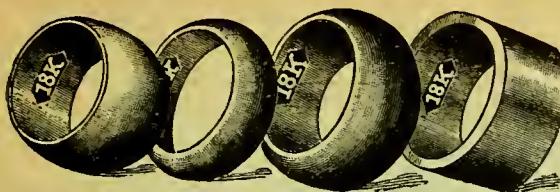
Snarl with white teeth around my bark in rage,
Then—then to fare across the glooming sea
And fling defiance where the warfares wage
Against my craft, this seemeth faith to me.

Selected.



Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts,

Longfellow.



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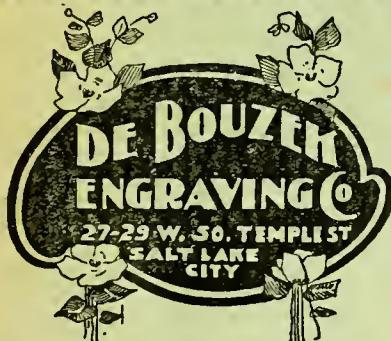
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Manager.



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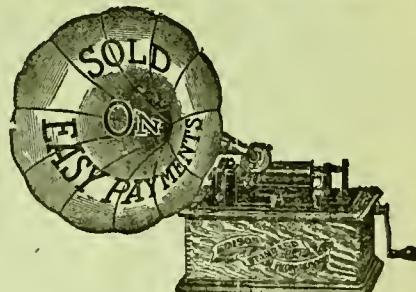
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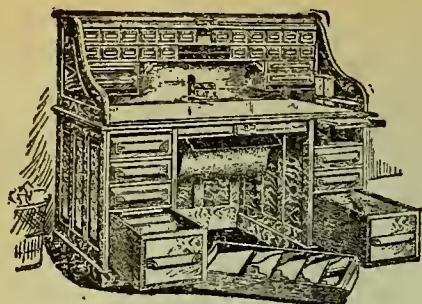
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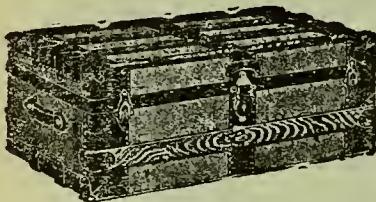
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